52 Tavistock Sqre
WC.

Saturday Feb
23rd.

I am glad that you have escaped the wolves, though it would have been a romantic death for you & might have suggested a second volume to O-o. Is your new novel to be all about Potto? He thinks so. He is willing to help you in anyway he can. His past is full of adventure, he says: moreover the Bosman's were great people in their way, Sackvilles after a kind. This time next week — but I wont harp on it, for then you'll think of Harold on the platform. About Monday — any time you name will suit me, but I shant be alone for dinner, & I should like to see you alone, anyhow for a little. So let me know. I have just seen the Dr. I hope for the last time; & have had the usual lecture about resting & never being tired & never sitting up, never seeing too many people & never catching any single illness so long as I live. I've been down to the Studio & done a mild morning's work on Miss Jewsbury. So this illness is over, & next week I shall be risen like the morning star. Lord! how glad I am to use my wits again!

In order to steal a march on you, I had Elena Richmond to tea yesterday; but no. I can make no impression on that woman. She is frozen, like a chicken left in the snow. With a pickaxe one might hack out something. There is Charm; she still holds her head like an Empress; but she nods & proses, & Raymond came in & we were only conversational, not amorous. She livened, though, when you were mentioned. Not for years had she met anyone she liked so much. I bequeath her to you. She's dead to me; a casket of which I've lost the key.

But this is not altogether The case with

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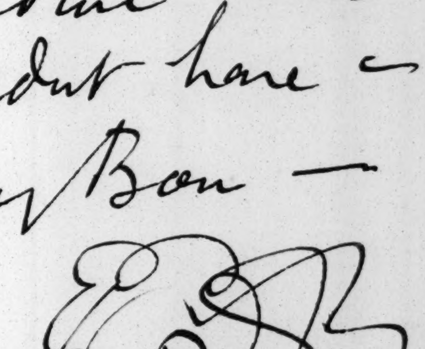
Mary, Dotty, or Christabel — all of whom I find myself in touch with, ~~though Dotty is set about with thorns, hard & pointed, 6 inches long. How you are not torn to pieces together, God knows.~~ She wrote to me & said — ah hah! Would you really mind if I replied in the same style, & perhaps a trifle warmer? Have you any of those feelings left that the nightingales & the splash of frogs in water sometimes call out in me, on hot May nights, at Long Barn, as I told you when we ate Duck in the Funkel tower (you know what I mean?) Have you any love for me? or only the appreciation which one member of the P.E.N. has for another?

A novel that I refused to publish has been seized by the police: a vulgar book, but nothing in it to ~~rais~~ raise a hair. What's to be done with morality in England? If Harold would do a man's work there, instead of a flunkey's in Berlin — but hush, hush. "My Harold!" — but that what you'd say? Mrs Storm Jameson says that Virginia Woolf is either a fallen angel or a Changeling: she has no roots in common soil. They had to broadcast the thaw too, the other night; for this thawing; & on the whole we are rather less comfortable than before, as the drip is everywhere, & Gas has failed. No baths again.

Clive comes back tomorrow, but is again off, & ~~mind~~ doesnt mind who knows that he has been bowled over by a movie star. Its like an old dandy fizzing false whiskers — This mania to be the sport of some Chit. Mary is very much upset, & thinks I ought to lecture him. Will you? Say, Duncan, that he's being ridiculous? For even Julian & Quentin think he goes too far. Its a bore, ones father being laughed at.

Never mind anything though but come back to me & Potto. I dont see why I shouldnt have a day or two of convalescence at Long Barn — will you ask me? — although I shall be quite robust by then.

Virginia



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HAMILL T BARKER 2/5/62

Monday Feb 14

52, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
W.C.1.
TELEPHONE : MUSEUM 2621.

Look, Potto has written you this cheque — Its the only possible, & most painless way. Have you got it? (I mean influenza). I shall be alone to tea tomorrow, also Friday, & if you liked to come, wd. not ask anybody. Perhaps you'd ring up. But for the Lord's sake dont bother about it. — I mean, I can get somebody else — not so nice though — V.

Monks House
Rodmell.

5th April
1929

"Not many women ~~to~~ possess such great versatility
as the Hon V. Sackville-West.. She has
also the rare gift of enjoying solitude..."
There you are — staring at me; not very
Congenial; rather frightening Photo; but
awfully superb & tidy. I must show it to Nelly
when she comes to clear away the tea. All
this kind of thing is done at the command of
Nelly — did you know that? In God's
name: yes: I have several sentences addressed to you
with that beginning:

I.G.N. Come on Tuesday; to the basement, not a
wink later than 3:

I.G.N: Do NOT bring France — a dear old
rubble headed bore.

I.G.N. Do NOT bring Dottie: This I
feel strangely about. Twice lately she has

taking her change. "And how d'you do it?"— & so she bought her pullet to keep abroad, talking as loud as a Parrot. A mongoose has just run into the bath room. Nelly is terrified

Virginia

We come up on Sunday night

WES SUSSEX
45 PM
APR 29

LEWES SU
7. 45
5 APR

1½ POSTAGE THREE HALFPENCE 1½

The Hon.
Mrs. H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

Not for
B.

"Not f B" meant that I couldn't give them to be typed -

taking her change. "And how d'you do it?"— & so she bought her pillar to take abroad, talking as loud as a Parrot.

Monks House
Rodmell.

5th April
1929

A mongoose has just run into the bathroom. Nelly is screeching

Virginia

We come up on Sunday night

"Not many women to possess such great versatility as the Hon V. Sackville-West.. She has also the rare gift of enjoying solitude ..." There you are — staring at me; not very congenial; rather frightening Potto: but awfully superb & tidy. I must show it to Nelly when she comes to clear away the tea. All this kind of thing is done at the command of Nelly — did you know that? In God's name: yes: I have several sentences addressed to you with that beginning:

I.G.N. Come on Tuesday; to the basement, not much later than 3:

I.G.N: Do NOT bring France — a dear old rabble headed bore:

I.G.N. Do NOT bring Dottie: This I feel strongly about. Twice lately she has

utterly ruined my serenity with you: & I wont
have it – Choose between us. Dottie if your
taste inclines that way by all means: but not
the two gin in one cocktail.
But listen. Hugh Walpole was coming; & I've
put him off, & said I'm going to Kew with you.
I mayn't be able to go to Kew, though, because
I have had a dose or two of Chloral; & L. thinks
its walking that makes me sleep badly: I dont:
never mind: we can sit & talk.
I cant be sure about dinner; I had to ask Hugh.
Will you come? Only he mayn't come. Settle what
you like when you come: Only dont be late this
time. Leonard's been having the rheumatism too.
Its bitter, bitter. We missed the fine days — Still
the garden, the terrace, the view, even black —
white in shower & wind make me wish —
I'm not sure what – to write poetry: perhaps; &
not an essay upon fiction.
Do you want a flat in Gordon Sqre very
cheap?
Do you love me? If you give me so
much as a 6penny mug from Woolworths,
I never speak to you again. I told Nessa the story
of our passion in a chemists shop the other
day. But do you really like going
to bed with women she
said —

You see I was reading Challenge, & I thought your letter was a Challenge. "If only you weren't so elderly & valetudinarian" was what you said in effect "we'd be spending the night together" whereupon I wired "Come then" to which naturally there was no answer, & a good thing too, I daresay, as I am elderly & valetudinarian, — it's no good disguising the fact. Not even reading Challenge will alter that. Tho' very desirable, I agree: very (Eve).

Here's Clive. So London begins Thursday then.

R

& a good thing too.
I am elderly & valetudinarian; —
it's no good disguising the fact:
not even reading Challenge will
alter that. This very desirable, I
agree: very (Eve).
Here's Clive. So London begins
Thursday then.

R
10.

You won't think from this that
I mean I seriously expected you:
It was all a kind of tipsy
vision of driving along
the ~~Dee~~ downs with you in
the dawn: I was very exalted all day.

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Friday. 18th April 1929

Dearest Creature,

I do hope that Ben is all right. Would you send me a line today?

I found a letter from Harold here, uneasy about his future, I'm glad to say, but cautious.

Lord, I do enjoy myself! You make me feel like a baby having drunk sweet milk – My room is full of flowers, & the pump is a mere hum – all owing to you. Now I must prepare for the ardours of the evening: Do you love Potto?

Rodmell.
~~Thurs~~ Tuesday.

May 21
1929

Lord what a donkey!
Lord what a donkey!
Lord, what a donkey!

I said, I cant ask you for the night as Roger will, or may, be here. But come to lunch & I'll get Raymond & Francis. All right, says Vita — & these were her last words, spoken as it were at the crack of doom, I'll come to lunch. Whereupon I order suet pudding for lunch. Rather hot, says Nelly: yes, I say, but its Mrs Nicolson's favourite pudding. There is the suet turned out of its basin: Where's Vita? We walk up the street. Has she been cut in two by a char-a-banc? Do you think? says Nelly. Anyhow the suet wont keep. Pinker is sick. They say when a dog is sick it means — someone's in agony, says Nelly. I had an Aunt that dreamt of a dog being sick & her husband fell from a ladder next morning. So we ate the fruit. And then in I go to Lewes, all trembling with the Charabancs a cutting you in half, & you sexy as cool as Cucumber — But here are the young men, walked over to see Vita —

Look here: no nonsense: Lunch Thursday 1 O'clock sharp. Please dont go & be a donkey again: These calamities bring the white hairs to my head.

V.

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HAMILL T BARKER 2/5/62